For Those Who Held the Line

This is a tribute to those who worked quietly, persistently, and often without recognition, in service of balance, care, and continuity on Earth — and who have since passed.

They were never meant to be visible.
They were not rewarded by systems.
They were not celebrated while they worked.

Some called them healers.
Some called them helpers.
One once called us *janitors* — not as an insult, but as an accurate description of unseen labor: tending what others discard, restoring what has been dirtied, standing where things accumulate that few want to face.

Others might have called it something else.
We did not insist on names.

The work was not dramatic.
It was repetitive, patient, and often misunderstood.
Showing up where friction lived.
Staying when leaving would have been easier.
Holding steadiness while confusion moved through.

My sister was one of these.

We worked together — not as a project, not as a belief system, but as a shared orientation toward responsibility and care. She carried this until the end of her life. Quietly. Faithfully. Without complaint.

This record is not meant to explain how the work happened, only that it did.
Not to persuade, only to remember.
Not to elevate individuals, but to mark a kind of service that rarely leaves a trace.

For those who know, the meaning will be clear.
For those who do not, no explanation is required.

They were here.
They did what they could.
They are released from duty.

May this stand as a simple acknowledgment —
that unseen labor is still labor,
that care counts even when it leaves no artifact,
and that those who hold the line do not vanish when they are gone.